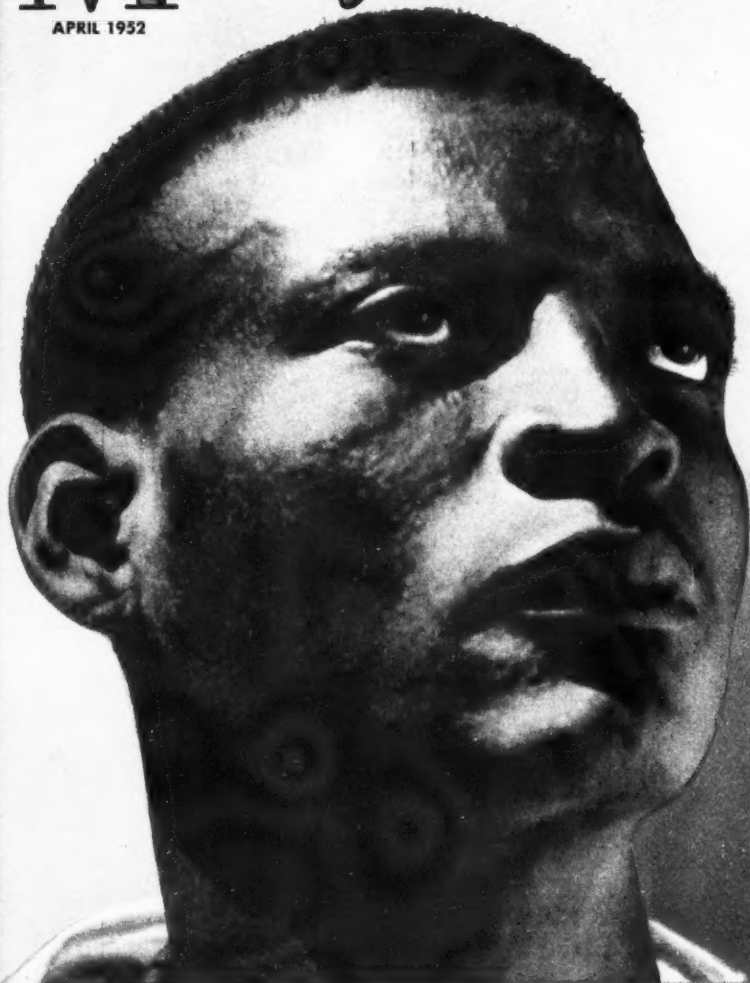


THE FIELD AFAR

# Maryknoll

APRIL 1952



THE BATTLE FOR AFRICA — 100,000,000 by the year 2000



**MOTT STREET CHORAL!** Easter joy in New York's Chinatown is tinged with China's sorrows. Maryknoll pastor Fr. Jas. Smith is a China veteran.









## Here We Go Again!

About a kitchen stove  
that didn't know  
it was Friday, the 13th

BY GORDEN N. FRITZ

■ THERE IS NOTHING in the world like a raging fire to attract people to a given place. And there are few fires in the world quite like the burning down of an orphanage. Yesterday we had this combination,

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and more, here in San Jose, Bolivia.

It happened at about six P.M. School had been closed for an hour, and the last, lingering ball players had finally gone home. I had gone off on my motorcycle to the other side of town, to visit a sick confrere. We were sitting down to a *cafesito* when the houseboy rushed in — with those awful words in this thatch-covered town: "Padre! There's a big fire directly in line with your chapel."

A second later I was out the door, on my motorcycle, and tearing down the street towards the sickening sight of a thick column of black

smoke. Happily, I could not see what was burning until I was within a block of it, because of the intervening houses and trees. I think I covered the distance in less than two minutes — which had never been done before in the history of that particular mile. As I went, I prayed almost as fast — chiefly that it might not be our tinderbox chapel — which it wasn't. But it was bad enough — the next worse thing in fact.

As I whooped across the narrow, wooden footbridge (I had once fallen off that bridge and had been avoiding it since), a woman shouted, "It's your orphanage, Padre." A second later I saw it for myself.

The steep, straw roof was going up in flames. The fire increasing in intensity by the instant — despite all a hundred men could do to stop it. Happily there was no wind, so at least the nearby neighbors were saved from similar disaster.

Hundreds of people had already gathered and were pulling things out of every room. Out into the yard went the beds and bedding of my fourteen orphans, their tables and chairs, their books and washstands. Out from the kitchen went pots and pans, kettles and cutlery, glasses and grinders. Even the kitchen stove (the cause of it all) and my

tiny refrigerator were soon breathing their last, side by side in the garden.

The neighbors — as in all small-town emergencies — were wonderful. After drying up the parish well as blotters soak up ink, they began carrying water from their own wells with equally selfless abandon — and confusion. Dozens of tins and buckets appeared from everywhere, and we soon had water to burn. One overly anxious woman brought her kettle right from the stove, to help overcome the conflagration.

But roof fires are hard to stop without proper equipment. Blazing poles, with leaves a foot thick tied to them, are nasty objects to fight. Hands by the thousands pulled down sections of the roof to the ground, where the ardor of the blaze could be dampened. The young soldiers, my special friends from across the bridge, were particularly adept and helpful. Four men were burned when falling timbers struck them; jeeps carried them away for treatment.

Meanwhile, the women were putting the foodstuffs and furniture into the parish office. Before the clutter got too deep, I got my keys and unlocked the adjoining school-room — the one building on the

## OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

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mission property that boasts a tin roof.

As usual in such a melee, the good will of many volunteer firemen was matched by the destructiveness of others. My little orphanage had a straw roof (the only material available at the time) but in other parts of the orphanage we had followed the smartest of the three little pigs, and had put in a brick floor and mud walls — those survived the fire intact. For some strange reason — perhaps it was uncontrollable instinct — my volunteers ripped every door off its hinges, and smashed every window. I stopped one eager beaver from tearing out the electric dynamo that was imbedded in a safe place. But others yanked out all the light bulbs; the wiring, they scrambled into knots. After the fire, I found the generator — half dismantled — nestling in my bedroom.

All in all, the fire was a great get-together. It will give my orphans something to talk about for years to come. Only one of them cried; and even he had carried out his own bed and clothing. Another orphan came up to me after the fire, proudly displaying what he had salvaged. He had lost the roof over his head and had seen an amount

of destruction that we still contemplate with awe. What he had saved was quite a prize. "Here's half a ball of string I found, Padre," he said.

Nightfall found me and my orphans a little bewildered. But God-given charity soon gave us the answers. The neighboring mission invited us over for supper. After that we set up camp for the night. Fifteen of us slept in the two-room rectory that night. Five of the smallest spread their mattresses and slept crosswise on the ping-pong table; two used my siesta hammock. The rest bedded down on the floor.

All of us were up bright and early the next morning, to begin the great clean-up. Fortunately a newly completed and half-empty carpenter shop served as a temporary shelter for the orphans. Next time, God willing, we'll put a tin roof on the structure.

The joke was on me. All week long I had been talking in catechism class against superstition. Because the day had been rather busy (even before the fire), I was late in starting my Office. After all the orphans were in bed, I opened my ordo and looked at the date. The day on which the orphanage had burned was Friday, the 13th.



### CHARITY IS NOT ENOUGH

"It is the duty of all as far as possible to mitigate the distress, to sweeten the sorrow, and to relieve the anguish of their brethren. Charity, indeed, can remedy to a certain

extent, many unjust social conditions. But that is not enough, for in the first place there must be justice which should prevail."

— Pope Pius XII, in *Evangelii Praecones*



# A Chinese Bethlehem

Its story encompasses birth, flight, death and resurrection

BY HENRY J. MADIGAN

■ I ONCE traveled five hundred miles by bicycle, to visit Asia's other Bethlehem. "Bethlehem" is its real name; the Chinese call it, "Bak Lang." And one can see by a glance at the historical features of Bak Lang, the characteristic lineaments of the sister city: birth and flight. They have transmitted to Bak Lang a countenance that shows unmistakable kinship to that other Bethlehem whose origin was likewise common to the continent of Asia.

The birth and flight occurred, not thousands but less than a hundred years ago, when the newly converted Chinese Christians were persecuted beyond endurance by the

Herod-like hate of pagans. The Christians fled to the small community that is now known by all, pagan as well as Christian, as Bak Lang — Bethlehem. They left their former homes and gathered in Bethlehem, to found a hundred per cent Catholic community.

Then came the death of Bak Lang, in the form of a Communist mob. For two days and nights this isolated flock of Christians was besieged by thousands of their misinformed countrymen. During those days and nights of horror, the women and children prayed in their newly built church. The dauntless French missionary calmed their fears,

although he realized more clearly than those he consoled that, if their enemies should capture the town, few Christians would live to enter the church again.

Meanwhile, the men were running from one turret to the next, in their unceasing fight to stave off repeated attacks. In those days the Communists had no planes, no machine guns, and no mortars. The plains surrounding Bak Lang were the city's greatest defense; the attackers did not have a tree or a rock to protect them, as they advanced. And they did not dare to come too close to the well-aimed guns within the walls. So the battle continued for two days and two nights; then the ammunition of the Christians was gone.

That night every man, woman, and child withdrew from Bak Lang, under cover of darkness. They began the long march to Swatow, a hundred miles away. When the attackers discovered that the city had been abandoned, they were too busy looting and pillaging to give chase. And when the Communists finally overtook the Christians, the latter were too close to the city of Swatow for the Communists to risk a continuation of the battle.

Later the Christians returned to Bak Lang. They found that all their houses had been burned, and all their cattle had been driven off. Nothing remained of their church except four scarred walls.

But from those ruins came a resurrection of a Christian community. At the time of my visit there were still a thousand Christians in

this entirely Catholic community.

Not infrequently I have said Mass in China when I filled the triple office of celebrant, server, and congregation. It was an uplifting experience for me to spend a few days in a mission where daily Masses were attended by three or four hundred men, women, and children. The people of this Chinese Bethlehem hadn't been able to build a new church. So they attended Mass in a small, improvised building. Their church is still in ruins, as are many of their former homes, but their faith has blossomed anew from the ruins.

There is another story of life and death connected with Bak Lang, and that story centers around Father Becmeur, a French missionary who cared for the people of Bak Lang for forty-five years.

Father Becmeur spent fifty-five years in China, and never once returned to his home in Bourdon, France. He was with his unusual group of Christians when the Communists came to destroy them. He fled with his people to Swatow. He returned when they went back. His body is still with them — in the little cemetery behind the church.

Father Becmeur heard over a thousand confessions, on Christmas Eve in 1943. He collapsed during Christmas Benediction, and died on December 31, within four hours of his eightieth birthday. Chinese from miles around attended the funeral and escorted the missionary's body to the cemetery.

Now silence has fallen on Bethlehem—the silence of Red Rule.



## The Martyr of Dragon's Den

The clan elders were wild with rage at the carpenter, Toi Wong

BY JAMES E. FITZGERALD

■ TOI WONG, of the Chung clan was more ambitious than the average Chinese farmer boy. At an early age, he apprenticed himself to a carpenter in a nearby village. It was part-time work, because the carpenter had his rice fields to plant, and Toi Wong had to help out with the crops at home from early spring to the fall. But that didn't matter; a carpenter's work was seasonal, too, back in the hills where Toi Wong lived.

After the fall rice was harvested, the sweet potatoes and soybeans were planted. Then there was time for the average Chinese farmer to

talk of bringing in a new daughter-in-law to serve as an extra farm hand. A month or so before and after the lunar new year, was the time set by ancient custom for village weddings. So the fall and early winter saw Toi Wong and his master busy making the traditional heavy square beds, the little chests of drawers, the benches, that accompany every Chinese bride as she leaves her father's house. In Toi Wong's native area, custom demanded that the bride's parents supply the furniture, as well as a stipulated amount of clothing.

As the years went by, Toi Wong

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became adept at using the few simple tools, at making the joints that hold so well without nails. When his master could teach him no more, Toi Wong set out on his own. By then he was married and had two small sons.

But the family fields were too few to feed all the hungry mouths. And Toi Wong's odd jobs as carpenter brought in little more than his own rice while on the job. So Toi Wong again apprenticed himself, this time to a wandering Taoist priest.

Toi Wong had no formal schooling but he had picked up a few Chinese characters, enough to enable him to learn the meaningless mumbo-jumbo that went with his new profession. He learned the ceremonies, too; the jumping and leaping, the shouting and chanting, the proper times for clarinets and cymbals, firecrackers and bombs.

At last he acquired the long gown and was ready to officiate at funerals and anniversaries. He was called in to drive away evil spirits when a village had a series of deaths. Becoming a Taoist priest meant nothing spiritually to Toi Wong; he merely became a professional master of ceremonies, performing devil worship or appeasement that he didn't understand. For Toi Wong, the best part of his new job was that it was not seasonal work; people died all during the year. And when he was called upon to officiate, he

was assured of several days of "big eating," with some rice to bring home, in addition.

By the time he was thirty-five, Toi Wong was not exactly rich, but he was better-off than the average farmer in his district. Because of his farming and funerals and carpentry, his children were seldom hungry, and they

### Rosary

When you finish the Rosary each time, won't you please go back to the Our Father, the three Hail Marys and Gloria and say them once more for all missionaries and mission Societies?

had clothing enough to be warm in winter.

One day Toi Wong was called to do some carpentry at the little Catholic mission in Dragon's Den Village, only a few miles from his home. There were desks and benches to be made for a schoolroom, pews for the chapel, and some odd jobs. It was a long job, for before any carpentry could begin, the logs had to be carried to the mission; boards sawn; and all the various pieces cut by hand with crude tools.

As the days turned into weeks, Toi Wong and the long-bearded French missionary became close friends. Sometimes, when Toi Wong knocked off work for a smoke, the missionary would come and squat on his heels beside Toi Wong, and offer his pouch of strong Algerian tobacco. At times the missionary offered suggestions about handling the tools and making new kinds of joints. The advice was always helpful and Toi Wong was grateful. It was a new experience for him, being taught without having to pay the instructor.

When the weather was bad, Toi Wong would often stay overnight in a village near the mission. The villagers were old acquaintances and they all belonged to the new religion taught by the foreign priest.

One man, Toi Yam, was about Toi Wong's age and something of an apostle. When Toi Wong stayed overnight with him he would always manage to bring religion into the conversation. Toi Wong's interest was finally aroused to the point where he asked for formal instruction.

When he was ready for baptism, the Father asked him what name he would like to take. "Father," said Toi Wong, "Saint Joseph was a carpenter. I'd like to take his name."

And so in the tenth year of the reign of the old Dowager Empress, in the year of the Monkey, this humble Chinese carpenter was baptized with the name of a carpenter of Nazareth. It was the year 1884 according to the western calendar.

Joseph soon learned that independent action within the closely knit structure of clan life could have unforeseen consequences. The clan

elders disapproved of his baptism, and pressure was brought to bear on him in many ways to get him to apostatize. Joseph refused.

In the spring of 1885, following a series of threats which Toi Wong ignored, the clan elders ordered him to appear at the temple for a final showdown: either renounce the foreign-devil religion, or die.

A tubular crate of split bamboo perhaps five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter was brought to the temple. Such crates are used for carrying pigs to market. The open end of the crate was put over Joseph's head and forced down over his shoulders.

The crate was placed on the edge of the river bank and a last chance was given to Joseph. Again he refused to renounce his new religion.

Joseph made his last statement "I am not afraid to die," he told the bystanders. "I know that my God will give me everlasting life."

One of the clan elders stepped forward and savagely kicked the crate that imprisoned Joseph. The crate rolled over the brink and plunged into six feet of water.

### THE GREATEST NEED

**in Latin America is instruction. There are not sufficient schools to provide education for all. Maryknoll is endeavoring to supply the need with parochial schools. Any donation for this purpose will be welcome.**

### MEN WHO ARE HUNGRY

"Men who are hungry pay only vague attention to preaching. Missioners must engage in the social apostolate. There are malnutrition, bad housing, primitive agricultural methods that cannot feed all the hungry mouths. Christian social principles are the solution. *Quadragesimo Anno* and *Rerum Novarum* apply to the whole human race."— *America*



# I Was Thinking This Morning

BY JOSEPH A. REINHART



■ I WAS THINKING this morning of how the Catholic Church looks out over the world. There is a special urgency in the way the Church insists that all Catholics do their part in obeying the great command of Christ: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

My being here in Rosana mission, in Africa, tends to color my thinking on the subject of the universality of the Church. The Bakuria people, among whom I work, were present in the mind of Christ when He suffered on the cross. But as I offer the Holy Sacrifice, and read the prayers in the missal, I remember that Christ's death is for all people everywhere on earth.

The beautiful prayers of the Mass serve to remind me of other Maryknollers' work. Those prayers bring to mind Maryknollers saying Mass in China, and interceding for their Catholics who are being tormented because of their faith in Christ. Nor can I forget the wonderful opportunities that Maryknollers have in Japan, or the relief work that Mary-

knollers are doing in Korea. The wide sweep of the prayers of the Mass recalls for me the work of Maryknollers in many parts of Latin America. They make intercession for the problems that the Faith encounters in those regions. They plead to God that He will inspire the youth of those nations to fill up the terrible gaps in the ranks of the native clergy.

The scope of the prayers said every day while offering the Holy Sacrifice spurs my thinking to include all of God's world. The Mass is my daily reminder of what the prophet Malachias said so many centuries ago: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down . . . there is offered to my name a clean oblation" (*Mal. i:11*).

The Mass reminds me of all the youngsters of the Catholic world, and their responsibilities to the millions who have never heard of Christ. Christ again walks the earth when He comes down on the altar. Christ again calls young men and women of promise to help Him in carrying His message to the world. Will you heed His call?

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

I recall distinctly the statue of the Curé of Ars, which stood in the refectory of the old farmhouse that was our Seminary building at Maryknoll for many years. The statue unmistakably portrayed the good priest's abstemiousness. It was rather hard to look at when one was taking a second helping of ice cream or of apple pie! After the public reading of the Curé's life, from which we learned that he was accustomed to have a pot of potatoes cooked up for him once a week, to serve as his only fare, it became harder still.

A young priest of the Buffalo Diocese has been pushing devotion to the Curé of Ars. This is a very fine thing. We seculars certainly need his inspiration and his help.

**During World War I**, a visitor at Maryknoll was a man who was selling Liberty Bonds. He told the story of a stagecoach driver out West who was very clever with a long whip. That driver was able to strike a leaf with precision, and knock it from the tree without difficulty.

Finally the coach arrived under a great beehive, and a passenger riding outside said, "Why not take a crack at that?" The driver's answer was: "Oh, no, sir! That is an organization!"

I have been struck, time and again, by the presence of many holy

priests among the secular clergy of our country. Maryknollers who have been their guests have referred to their edifying lives. Experienced priests of the religious congregations who give retreats to the secular clergy are likewise impressed by the many saintly lives that they encounter.

We seculars should have more saints in the calendar if, like the bees in the beehive, we had an organization. The lack of it means no developing cultus and, often enough, no records. An important factor in canonization is the evidence of contemporaries regarding the holiness of life of the person involved. Ordinarily there is no prepared group to gather such evidence about a secular priest.

**The Curé of Ars** must see to it that more seculars are declared saints.

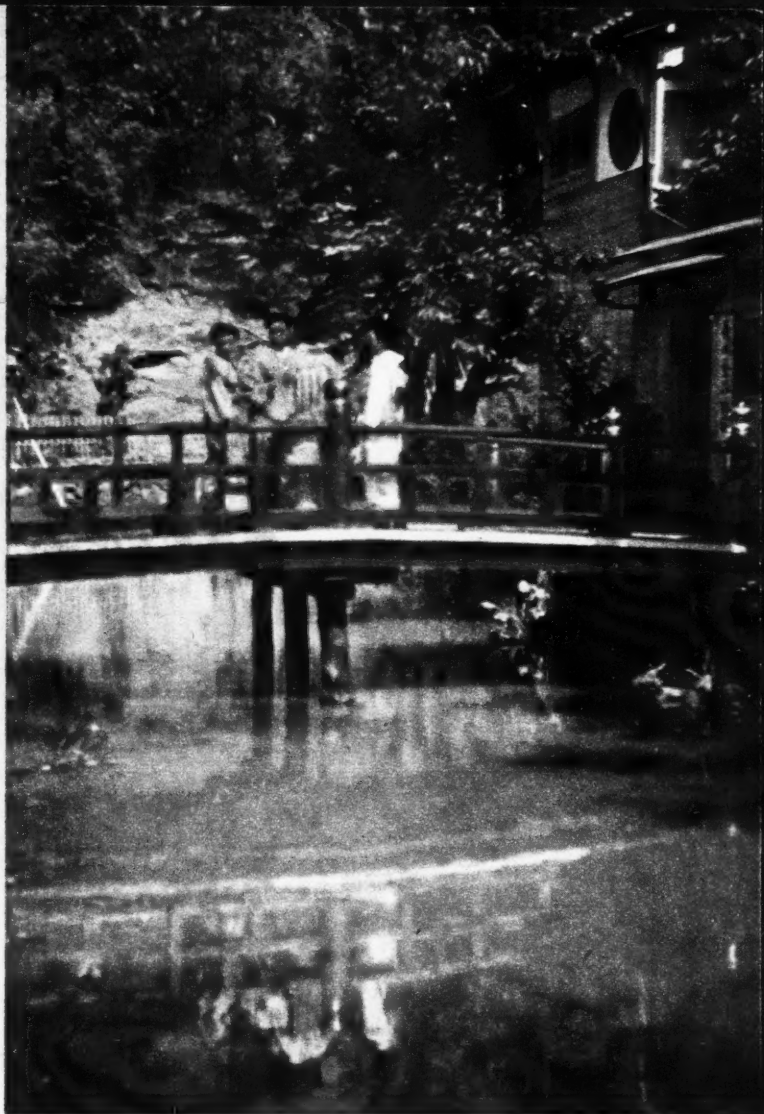
If anyone had the formula of sanctity, the Curé had. He did not misunderstand activity for spirituality. One of the happiest signs is the tendency among groups of secular clergy to gather for monthly retreat days. One group in Philadelphia has been meeting in this way for many years, and great good has resulted from the practice.








# KYOTO ON THE MOVE



Kyoto is the most beautiful city in Japan today. It suffered no damage in the war. Being the old capital of Japan, it is full of ancient parks and picturesque palace grounds, historic shrines and temples. ➡



These letters from home  
keep the mission going.



■ IN THE MISSIONS of Kyoto, where pre-war baptisms were a dozen or so a year, almost 1,300 Japanese were received into the Church last year. While this increase is due to the hard work of all the Kyoto missionaries, a good share of the credit belongs to men like Father Leo J. Steinbach (above, with a group of girls taking instructions) and Father Edward Walsh (opposite page). Each of these priests carries on extensive charity programs to help the old and poor (right) of the city. It is through charity that conversions are made.

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"To know the children of Japan, is to love them," writes a veteran missionary. The smiles of the lassies (above), or the floral gift to Bishop Lane, Maryknoll Superior General (below), will steal a way into any person's heart.









"I hope Mama doesn't  
catch me out of bed!"



The Maryknoll leaders in Japan:  
Fathers McKillop and Felsecker.



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■ **MARYKNOLLERS** in Kyoto spend a great deal of time in youth work. The mission has just established a Catholic Scout troop. Father John C. Murrett has a student hostel. Most of the parishes conduct youth clubs of one type or another.

"It is not easy to take the old folks away from their *kami*, or native gods," writes one missionary. "But the youth in Japan is restless and has lost faith in the old ways. Christ is the answer to its search."



A church (above) was erected in the Lake Biwa district, to handle recent converts. Kyoto has a troop of Catholic Boy Scouts (below). Japanese love outdoor life.





# Holy Week on Top of the World

**There are color, drama,  
and pathos in a Holy Week  
high in the Andes.**

**BY ROBERT E. KEARNS**

■ **HOLY WEEK** in Puno, Peru, is a riot of color and pageantry. During those seven days, the Indians give many touching examples of their devotion to the passion and death of their Saviour.

Every color of the rainbow is present for the solemn Pontifical Mass in Puno's cathedral on Palm Sunday morning. Eye-catching are the purple cassocks of the bishop and his canons. Gleaming white are the stiffly starched surplices of the choir of Maryknoll-trained seminarians. The colorful uniforms, the admiral-style hats, and the ceremonial swords of civil officials stand out by contrast with the drab colorless clothes of the Indian men. The instruments of the army band gleam in the morning sun, and re-

flect the bright, red blouses and many-hued skirts of the Indian women.

I remember one Holy Week when another kind of color was provided by an Indian woman, who came up the center aisle during the bishop's sermon. She unslung her infant and made it comfortable, there before the altar rail. Oblivious of the bishop's sermon and the stares of the congregation, the Indian woman knelt before the statue of Saint Rose of Lima and began to pray.

Part of the atmosphere of Palm Sunday in Puno is provided by the army band, when the altar boy rings the bell at the Consecration. The um-pa of the martial music struck up by the band at this signal makes all the statues tremble.

EARLY ON Monday morning in Holy Week, attendance at the regular Lenten devotions definitely increases. The ceremony consists of prayers honoring the passion, and a sermon. The most popular time for this devotion is 4:30 A.M. The Indians consider this as *their* devotion. Like many primitive people, they have tenacious memories. I am sure that practically everything the preacher says will be repeated to any members who did not

attend the service, as each family gathers around the kitchen fire in the evening, relating the events of the day.

Mass begins at six o'clock. By

that time the late-risers have joined the congregation.

During the day the shepherds and farmers who are coming to town for Holy Week arrive, in groups of families from various villages. One of the first things they all do is to visit the cross of the passion, which stands outside every church.

The cross is huge — 25 foot high — and is painted green. Leaning against the cross, is a ladder. Arranged on or near the cross, are three big nails, a hammer, pliers, a loincloth, a crown of thorns, a spear, and a sponge. A rooster is perched on the right arm of the cross. Before those symbols of the passion, the Indians pause and pray. Then each lights a candle and puts it in a tin can, which will remain there.

ON TUESDAY night, Tenebrae is chanted by a special choir. The Indians do not understand a word of Latin, and they do not appreciate the symbolism of the extinguishing of candles or the making of loud noise at the end of the service. But the Indians love pageantry; they watch, enthralled, at all the ceremonies.

WEDNESDAY in Holy Week is confession day; both the Indians and the white folks remember that. Every church in town has confessions from nine in the morning until eleven at night.





The Indians know little about the fine points of the Faith, but they know what is right and what is wrong. An illustration of that fact is an Indian who came to me one day in a previous Holy Week, as I was leaving the church for a breather.

The Indian tipped his hat, grinned, and showed me a note the bishop had given him.

The note requested me to hear the Indian's confession, so that he could receive the Sacrament of Confirmation. He smiled as he explained that he had gone to confession one year earlier. I got a jolt when he explained why he didn't wish to confess again.

"Padre," he said, "I've prayed to God every morning and night. I've been faithful to my wife and supported my family. I stole nothing from my neighbor or from the man I work for. During the fiestas I did not drink too much. I've been good to the sick, and I've helped my poor neighbors when they

**Japan will be converted through the Japanese. \$15 monthly will pay the expenses of a Japanese catechist. The catechist instructs his own people in doctrine; prepares them for Baptism, Confirmation, First Communion, Marriage and the Last Rites.**

Faith. There is so much to do.

Holy Thursday is a big day in Puno. Only a small number of people fail to come for Mass and Communion on the anniversary of the first Mass.

At the *Gloria* of the Mass the cathedral-tower bell begins its mad clanging. The assistant sacristan, a little Indian lad, rings the bell for all it is worth. The

organ shakes the cathedral with its rumbling tones. The army band strikes up a martial air; the cymbals almost drown out the other instruments. Church bells throughout the city take up the sounds of rejoicing. At the end of the *Gloria*, all becomes quiet.

The tabernacle on the altar of reposition is a solid-silver pelican, lined with glass. After reposition, the bishop takes the key of the repository and hangs it around the neck of the governor of the state, admonishing that official to guard the key carefully until the next morning.

Throughout the afternoon and evening, the churches are filled with people. During the night, like silent shadows, the people make their way to church for an hour of adoration, or for a briefer visit. It looks as though, at long last, true devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is replacing the custom of praying only before statues.

Outside Puno there is a steep hill.



needed it." This good man's point of view reminded me that these simple folk urgently need more priests, Sisters, and Brothers, to instruct them properly in the



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Along the path which zigzags up this hill, are the Stations of the Cross. All during the night, Catholics walk up the steep path, carrying lighted candles and making the Stations. From a distance the candles appear like a long, winding stream of light against the blackness of the night.

Sometimes the three-hour sermon on Good Friday lasts longer than three hours. But even after the long service the Indians remain to pray before the giant crucifix.

At five in the afternoon the figure of Christ is taken down from the cross. The corpus is rubbed with little wads of cotton, and these are passed out to the Indians. Then the figure of Christ is placed in a glass coffin. Soldiers take up positions as a guard of honor, and pallbearers carry the coffin out into the plaza.

Every member of the congregation has a candle, shielded from the evening breeze by a green glass. A procession forms, and it includes a statue of the Blessed Mother dressed in black, with seven silver swords piercing her heart. The long procession winds through the streets for two hours. All along the way, hymns in honor of Christ and the Blessed Virgin are sung.

AT SEVEN o'clock on Holy Satur-

day the new fire is blessed. The church is crowded with Indians. Each holds either garments or household articles: ponchos, shoes, statues, vegetables, candles, clothing. These are blessed by the priest as he goes to the sanctuary.

The sanctuary is screened off until the *Gloria*. Then the huge purple curtain is drawn back, revealing a beautifully decorated altar. The noise made during the *Gloria* surpasses that of Holy Thursday. All is joy once again.

IT SEEMS like the middle of the night, when church bells start ringing. Rockets swoosh up into the air, to burst with loud reports. Sleepily the missionary turns over and looks at the alarm clock. It is four o'clock in the morning — time to get up for the "Mass of the Rooster."

That is the traditional Mass on Easter. It begins at five o'clock in every town and village fortunate enough to have a priest on duty. I guess it is called the Mass of the Rooster because the rooster is sounding off at that time in the morning, calling on the world to awaken to their Risen Christ.



## DON'T TELL THIS ONE TO YOUR BARBER\_\_\_\_\_

"How much do you charge for a haircut?" asked Father Alphonse Schiavone, Maryknoll Missioner from Waterbury, Conn., of the new barber who had set up shop under a shade tree in Tarime, East Africa. "With or without?" the barber wanted to know. "With or without what?" asked Father. "With or without a part," explained the barber. "I charge twelve cents for cutting hair off, and three cents for parting what's left."



## Forgive Us Our Trespasses

His hands were tightening around his enemy's throat when he suddenly remembered.

BY ARTHUR F. ALLIE

■ YOUNG JUAN ROMERO was returning from an exhilarating evening in Ciudad Imperial, where he had gone to woo the dark-eyed daughter of the Widow Mendez. He spurred his horse over the rough road that led to his native village — Cholchol, in Chile.

The wine the young man had drunk with his companions, over his boast that he would one day wed the fair Margarita, had made him more reckless than usual. The coy glances the senorita had given him, had thoroughly intoxicated him.

The stars blinked down like the eyes of little owls hidden in the

overhanging darkness of the night. The road lay faintly discernible between hedges of wild blackberry that grew along its sides. The bushes and vines gave a grotesque and eerie effect to the midnight scene.

Young Juan was the eldest son of the rich and influential Romero family. He was approaching an age when he felt entitled to start out on his own. It was time that he should begin his own family. His father owned extensive properties: Juan would be a rich man some day. Who but the fair Margarita would make him the best and most beautiful of wives?

With these thoughts to entertain him, Juan galloped along until he reached the bridge over the river.

Approaching him from the other side of the narrow, wooden bridge was a group of Mapuche Indians. Judging from the tone of their voices, he knew that they had been celebrating. Whether by intent or because they did not hear the sound of the horse's hoofbeats, the Indians continued their advance, blocking the entrance to the bridge.

Don Juan called to them to move off the bridge, so that he could ride on. The Indians, however, did not heed his command. Nor did Juan halt. As his horse neared the group, one Indian grabbed the bridle. Impetuously Juan drew his whip and began to beat the Indians. He struck out blindly, this way and that.

In another moment, Don Juan was down from his horse, cuffing a nearby Indian. As the other Indians swarmed around the dismounted rider, he whipped them, also. With a mighty push, he sent one man reeling. Losing his balance, that Indian fell backward over the side of the bridge and into the river below.

In the excitement that followed, Don Juan mounted his horse and galloped furiously off, with the muffled cries of the drowning man ringing in his ears. When he reached his home, he related to his family what had occurred.

Mr Romero said gravely: "My son, I advise you to seek the protection of the police immediately! Now that the Indians have been aroused, there is no telling what

revenge they will try to take."

Early next morning Father Charles, the parish priest of Cholchol, was awakened by a large group of angry Indians. They told him of the unfortunate death of one of their number. They said they had come to the Padre to obtain permission for them to kill every member of the Romero family.

"Don Juan," the spokesman stated, "is nowhere to be found. And the dead Indian must be avenged."

Father Charles was horrified.

"But, *Padrecito*," protested one of the Indians, "it was my brother who was killed by a Romero!"

"I am very sorry to hear that, Miguel," answered the priest. "But God would not be pleased if you were to harm the family. Perhaps the killing was an accident."

"It was no accident!" cried Miguel. "Juan Romero did it deliberately."

"In any case," said Father Charles, "you cannot take the law into your own hands. It would be a grievous sin to kill a man, and you would not want God to punish you for shedding innocent blood, would you? Remember what you say every day in the *Padre Nuestro*: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' That means we must forgive even our enemies. I suggest that you all go home now and continue about your business. Meanwhile I'll see what I can do."

The Indians left the priest's presence, muttering among themselves. But they obeyed the command of

the Padre, to do no harm to the Romero family.

Father Charles went immediately to the police station. The police told the priest that Don Juan had fled during the night. He had headed toward the Argentine border.

Many months passed by. Miguel, the murdered Indian's brother, was working in his field one day, when he saw a rider approaching on the highway that ran directly below his field. At that point the road entered a defile, which made a perfect setting for an ambush.

Miguel instantly recognized the rider as the murderer of his brother. His first thought was of vengeance. There was the opportunity to square accounts.

"Of all the times to be unarmed!" he groaned to himself. "Just when the chance I have been waiting for these many months presents itself. But at least I can knock that murderer off his horse with a rock, as he passes below me, and then I'll finish him quickly with these two bare hands!"

Concealing himself in the bushes that fringed the roadway, Miguel picked up a large stone and waited

for the unsuspecting Juan Romero to ride closer. When the rider was directly below him, Miguel threw the rock with deadly accuracy and hit Juan in the head. Don Juan slumped in the saddle. His horse reared in fright.

Like a flash, Miguel dashed down, and pulled his enemy to the ground. His hands were around Juan's throat when he opened his eyes.

"Mercy!" pleaded Juan Romero.

"Mercy!" sneered Miguel. "What mercy did you show my brother? You were sent here so that I might take your life for his!"

Then Miguel pressed his strong hands around the throat of the still-dazed young man. The Indian was about to strangle the fallen rider. But suddenly he tossed the almost inert body of Juan Romero back to the earth.

"No, I cannot kill him!" Miguel said to himself. "Father Charles says it is wrong, and God would punish me."

"Go!" the Indian said to Don Juan. "Go! Your life is spared. And give thanks to God because the Padre taught me to forgive my enemy."

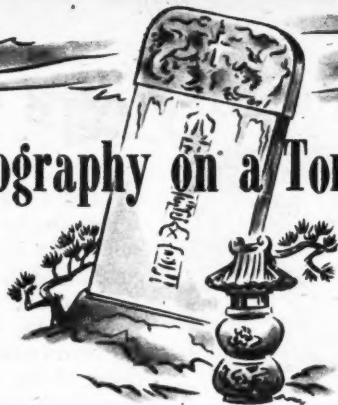


### THE AFRICANS TELL IT THIS WAY

A farmer bought a goat, a hyena, and some cabbage. He was taking them to his village. He came to a river and found a very small boat — so small that it could hold only himself and one other thing. How does he get himself and his produce across the river? If he leaves the goat alone with the hyena, the hyena will eat the goat. If he leaves the goat with the cabbage, the goat will eat the cabbage. We heard that one before. But the characters in our American version are a farmer, a fox, a chicken, and some corn.

(Answer on page 61)

# Autobiography on a Tombstone



■ NESTLED ON the side of a hill that overlooks the peaceful village of Bantien is a small cemetery. Carved on one of the tombstones is, an unusual epi-

taph. Cut into the face of the stone is an autobiography of Shih Kung, the venerable Chinese patriarch whose body lies beneath that marker.

The autobiography narrates some of the details of a life that had been unusually devoted to the Faith. It tells of the time, many years ago, when Shih Kung first heard of the Lord-of-Heaven religion from a French priest.

Shih Kung found in the Lord-of-Heaven religion the truth and peace that he had longed for. And this discovery impelled him to take that truth and peace to others. For many years he worked as a catechist for the French missionary.

When Maryknollers took charge of the mission, Shih Kung was on hand to welcome them. By that time he was one of the most influential men in the region. He was over sixty and had a long, white beard. People in and around Bantien used to go to him for advice on many problems. No one ever left his presence without hearing about the

peace to be found in the Lord-of-Heaven religion.

Shih Kung made many converts during the decades he worked for the Church. He was

approaching the age of eighty when his health took a sudden turn for the worse. He called the priest.

Father Greene hurried to the bedside. Shih Kung was breathing with great difficulty. But there was a smile of quiet satisfaction on his face as Father Greene proceeded with the anointing. That night Shih Kung breathed his last.

The patriarch of Bantien was given a big funeral. Christians from many surrounding villages and a great number of non-Christians gathered to pay their last respects to the mortal remains of a man whom all had admired. All were struck by the autobiography on his tombstone. Shih Kung had prepared it five years before he died.

His message was there for all to see: the autobiography of a man who had found truth and peace in worshipping the Lord of Heaven. It seemed as though Shih Kung wished to continue, even beyond the grave, his work of spreading truth and peace to his countrymen.

BY GREGORY J. GILMARTIN

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# A Wonderful Place, Boston, Shen Fu!

BY JOHN A. FISHER

■ KUAN CHING TE (Clear Virtue) had weathered seventy Manchurian winters. To talk to him was to span the period of the Boxer Rebellion and the time of the bubonic plague. One day he pointed to the spot on the hillside where he had stood, protecting his family, when opposing troops battled for the pass leading into our valley during the Russian-Japanese war in 1904.

Clear Virtue had risen to be mandarin; then came the Japanese occupation in 1931, and Clear Virtue had gone back to his farm. One year he found himself taking instructions from the new priest in Pen Hsi Hu. Clear Virtue became a Catholic and a good one. Through his fortitude and example, he was the guiding influence for fifty or more pagans who joined the Church.

As I entered the parish meeting room, a few nights before the war broke out in 1941, Clear Virtue invited me to have some tea. The air was tense with anxious thought.

"What is going to happen to the Church?" Clear Virtue asked. "Does the Holy Father know?"

The occasion offered as good an opportunity as any, I thought. I proceeded to tell Clear Virtue about the Holy Father's concern for all Catholics and all people throughout the world. I explained that, because of the vastness of the

Church, the Pope is forced to exercise his concern through the bishops he appoints; that the priests are subject to the bishops, and the Catholic people to the priests. I told Clear Virtue the number of Catholics in the world. That automatically drew him out of his own limited background, where I was one of the few priests he had seen.

Clear Virtue knew that I was from America. Rather unexpectedly he asked me what part of America. The mention of Boston did not strike a familiar note to him for a moment.

Then, rather annoyed at himself, he explained to his friends. "That is the place where they have a lot of tea."

"Shen Fu," said Clear Virtue, "the people of Boston must be wonderful, to be kind enough to send priests here."

I gave Clear Virtue some of the highlights of the Church in Boston. I told him the number of Masses on Sunday morning and the number of people attending Mass. I told him about the parochial schools, and the hospitals. I told him the number of bishops, priests, and Sisters there whose whole lives are dedicated to God.

He exclaimed: "Wonderful place, Boston, Shen Fu! I hope that the Church will develop in my country as it did in Boston."

# A HUNDRED MILLION B

**Catholics in Africa have increased phenomenally in the last half century. If the growth can be 50% as rapid during the next half century, we shall have 100,000,000 Catholics in the continent by the year 2000!**

**BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE**

■ SOME YEARS ago in the Belgian Congo, I went with Father van Oost, an Immaculate Heart missionary, to visit a primitive tribe called the Basala Mpasu. They were notorious cannibals, subjugated by the Belgians only in the 1920's. In one village a group of young men approached us, and their leader addressed Father van Oost in a strong, ringing voice.

"When are we going to have a catechist here, Padre?" he asked.

"Catechist? You still eat men here, don't you?" replied the priest.

"No, no!" cried the young man, and his companions' voices joined his "Our fathers did, but we don't!"

"That's the mentality here," said Father van Oost after we had left the group. "These earnest youngsters see Christianity as a finer life that will replace the tribal life of old, the faults of which this new generation looks back on in shame. Naturally, we have to be sure that they know what they are asking. We make certain that, when they become Christian, they will lead truly Christian lives."

Africa is the most remarkable mission field in the world today in this respect: it possesses very strong social urges that prompt very many of its more thoughtful natives to

seek out the Christian religion. Throughout the globe as a whole, missionaries have to employ great efforts to convince men of the spiritual gain that will be theirs by following Christ, and frequently the response is small. In Africa, instead — a continent of people with a natural religious sense, a belief in the Supreme Being, a tradition of injustice that has imposed slavery on them and has kept them in crude ways — little effort is needed to persuade the natives that the God of living love answers an inner call of their hearts.

Thus it is that we have in Africa today 14,095,000 Catholics; while in the year 1900, the total for the continent was but 1,197,000. At the half-century mark, we have thirteen times more than at the birth of the 1900's. Is it too rash to believe that, by the end of the century, we shall have increased our present figure seven times and thus total 100,000,000? We do not think so.

During the last half of the nineteenth century, much was done to open the mystery-bound interior of the Dark Continent. But even so, by 1900 there were only a little over 1,000,000 Catholics, principally around the periphery. It is



# N BY THE YEAR 2000

interesting to note that Central Africa in 1900 had but 122,000 Catholics, while today it totals almost 8,000,000—an increase of 65 times. West Africa, which in 1900 had 51,000 Catholics, has now over 1,500,000—an increase of 29 times. The story of what has happened in those areas of the continent is what makes many missionaries very hopeful of growth during the next half century.

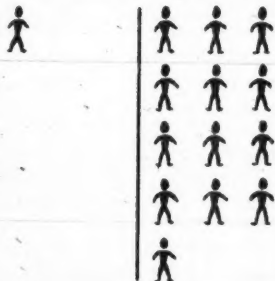
"Welcome, Father! You are just in time for Mass, and you must hear my confession." The words were from a handsome young French officer who greeted me as I arrived in Morocco from the Sahara. There

immediately was the atmosphere of North Africa, the air of France; for the Catholics of North Africa—over 2,250,000—are preponderantly French. Hence this portion of Africa is European, and has little bearing on the bringing of Christ to the continent's native sons.

Northeast Africa is another area that, as a whole, does not figure prominently in the pattern of development for the Church during the next half century. This area extends from Lybia to the southern border of Somaliland, and it is principally Moslem. There are some 450,000 Catholics there, of whom 200,000 are in Egypt, descendants

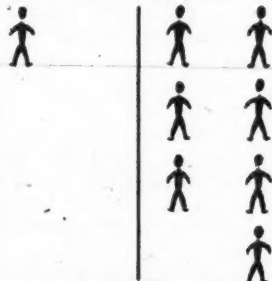
## CAN IT BE DONE IN AFRICA?

1900 - 1950



In 1900 Africa's Catholics numbered 1,197,000; today they are 14,095,000, thirteen times higher.

1950 - 2000



By 2000 can today's figure jump seven times and thus increase Africa's Catholics to 100,000,000

of very ancient Catholic stock.

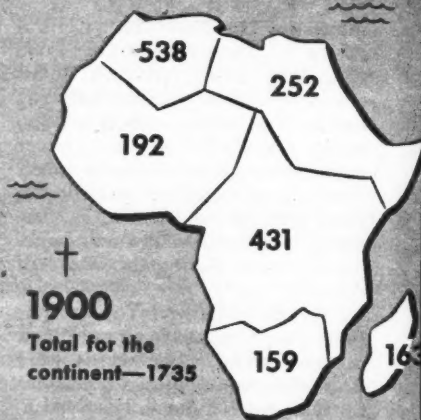
The most promising spot in Northeast Africa is the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Tribes of the southern area of the Sudan belong to Central Africa rather than to the Arabized region about Khartoum, and over 100,000 Catholics are found in the south. Unless the northern Moslems prevail, Christianity has a future in the southern Sudan.

Twice a band of White Fathers in camel caravans tried to cross the Sahara from North Africa to West Africa, but both times fanatical desert tribesmen put the missionaries to death. West Africa has now been completely occupied, but by way of the coastal centers.

Particularly in the West African coast colonies, is there an abundant harvest. Nigeria in a recent single year had 63,819 baptisms, half of them for adult converts. The Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and Togoland had 45,000 more. Thousands of schools, and selfless devotion to the ills and miseries of the people, win native hearts. "The Sister nurse," remarks a West African writer, "makes the wattle and daub homes of the poor her convent, and Africa's village streets her cloister."

Are there contrary winds? Assuredly. In the Ivory Coast, for instance, the years following World War II witnessed a violent anti-white, anti-Christian political movement known as the R.D.A.

## MISSIONERS IN AFRICA—50



The above comparison is for priests only. In 1950 the total of priests, Brothers and Sisters laboring in Africa was 28,421. In North and Northeast Africa the religious forces serve many European Catholics and

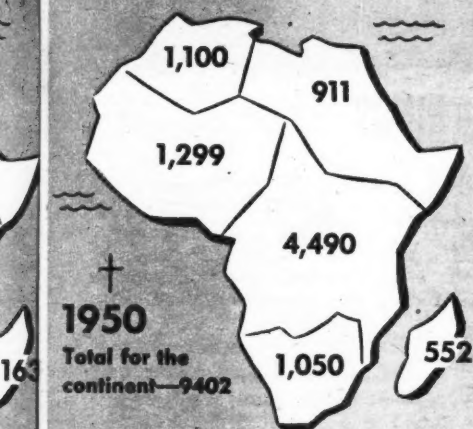
(freely translated, the African Democratic Combine), which swept African Communist leaders into the French Parliament.

One of those leaders, who had been brought up a Catholic, came back from Paris with this news: "I discovered that Christianity has gone out of style in France! The missionaries are wasting their time, coming to us here in Africa." Happily, such movements have not as yet widely prevailed, so we need not be too dismayed.

In Central Africa we are making our hugest gains. Think of it—

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## — 50 YEARS AGO AND TODAY



In South Africa 90,000 of the 700,000 Catholics are of European blood. Elsewhere the flock is almost exclusively African. Sons of Africa who are priests and missionaries now total 1,096.

the Belgian Congo, plus the two small Belgian areas, Ruanda and Urundi, last year reported 270,000 baptisms, of which 115,000 represented adult converts! One out of every four souls in this area of 14,500,000 people is now in the Catholic Church. In many sectors, the public leaders as well as the rank and file have become Christian. In one bishop's territory, every one of the ten chiefs is a Catholic. This region, which only a few years ago witnessed frightful cannibalistic orgies, now has hundreds of native sons who are zealous and well-edu-

cated priests. The seminary of Kabwe, for instance, opened only twenty years ago, has seen 51 of its carefully formed candidates raised to the altar, and 75 more are in training.

A slogan throughout both French and Belgian territory in Central Africa runs, "The school is the future." Thousands of natives have been trained either as 1-apprentice teachers for the bush schools, 2-primary teachers, or 3-middle-school teachers. A remarkable center for preparing teachers is the Christian Brothers' Normal School at M'Banga, in the French Cameroons; its student body numbers 2,500, drawn from 30 different tribes. The Belgian Congo is now opening five regional colleges, and has made a start at a university sponsored by Louvain.

Neither advancing Christianity nor the feverish drive for progress has removed all of Central Africa's woes. We think of sleeping sickness, leprosy and malaria as the region's chief physical afflictions. The really great enemy is venereal disease, which in sections has attacked 80% of the population, and can be fought only by improving the moral, social, and economic conditions. Tuberculosis makes great numbers its prey, as in many areas the natives live in houses built like chicken coops.

In the tse-tse fly country, women are the beasts of burden, and polygamy makes it customary to acquire

# Bright Spring

Life wears a radiant bloom of hope among the 14,000,000 C



## THE SCHOOL BELL RINGS



Catholic elementary schools in Africa, humble though they be total 27,727.



For comparison, U.S. Catholic elementary schools total 8,710

Africa's Catholic secondary schools total 2,769



U.S. Catholic secondary schools total 2,665



Catholic elementary school pupils in Africa total 1,904,311



U.S. Catholic elementary pupils total 2,655,741



Africa's Catholic secondary school students: 289,604



U.S. Catholic high, college and university students 771,647



## THE AFRICAN WINS T

### Priests



Already Africa has 1,096 native priests to 6,366 foreign missionaries

### Brothers



Africa has 801 native Brothers to 2,140 foreign Brothers.

### Sisters



Africa has 4,202 native Sisters to 9,876 foreign Sisters.

Africa minor seminarians

# ng in Africa

000,000 Catholics on this continent of 200,000,000 souls.



## THE DOCTOR COMES

Each figurine represents 1,000,000



Catholic dispensaries in Africa total 1,358

Dispensary treatments in Africa in 1950 totalled 28,970,929

Africa's Catholic mission hospitals total 477.



U.S. Catholic hospitals total 759



Beds in Africa's Catholic hospitals total 25,054



Beds in U.S. Catholic hospitals total 99,573



## WINS THE AFRICAN

### Seminarians



### Teachers



### Catechists

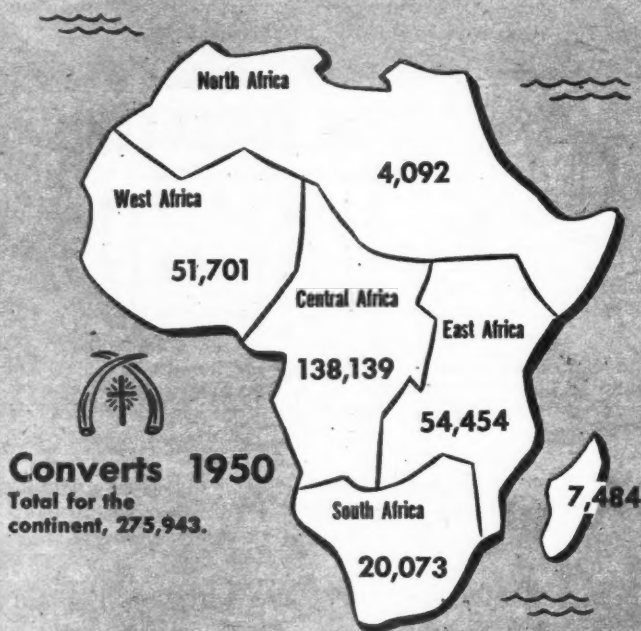


Africa has 6,277 major and minor seminarians to 28,798 seminarians in the U.S.

Africa has 53,008 native teachers in its Catholic schools.

Africa has 63,498 catechists for teaching doctrine

## WHERE THE CONVERTS ARE MADE



### Converts 1950

Total for the continent, 275,943.

Greatest harvest of converts in 1950 was made in the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi where the figure was 115,418. 41% of the African total. Four other countries, Nigeria and

French Cameroons in West Africa and Uganda and Tanganyika in East Africa, account for another 30%. Thus from 25% of the inhabitants come 71% of the converts.

as many women as money can purchase. So highly prized are women in this region, not only as wives but also as workers, that the average man pays fifty thousand francs or more for one wife.

East Africa last year witnessed 150,000 baptisms, of which 55,000 were of adult converts. On Lake Victoria, in Tanganyika, Maryknoll has its first mission field in Africa. It is a small sector, called the Pre-

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fecture of Musoma, taken over from the White Fathers.

Uganda, with 4,250,000 inhabitants, is 30% Catholic. Here is Bishop Kiwanuka, a son of the soil, who counts seven out of every ten dwellers in his territory as Catholic. This is the high-water mark for all Africa.

Assisted by generous British grants-in-aid, East Africa's schools are well advanced. In Uganda is Makerere College, as distinguished a training school for East Africa as is West Africa's Achimota College in the Gold Coast.

South Africa does not present such a bright picture for Christianity; although it reports 65,000 baptisms for last year, of which 20,000 were of adult converts. The race problem there has created tension and bitterness. Great areas have become a white man's land, but the Africans remain as the huge majority, and their voice will not be stilled. The great modern cities need the African worker and yet rigid segregation is the law. The miserable homes of the crowded reserves and locations house not only the ignorant and primitive, but many well-educated and kindly folk as well. "The old type of colony," writes a missionary in Southern Rhodesia, "where a small European population could exploit the backward natives, is a thing of the past. There is no real alternative to an ultimate partnership between the two races."

Madagascar and other islands in the Indian Ocean, off Africa, count 5,000,000 people, of whom

## AFRICANS ARE PEOPLE

Among the Martyrs of Uganda, condemned to be burned to death in the huge pyre at Namugongo, was Mbagu Tuzinde, the son of the chief executioner. For days the desperate father pleaded with his boy to renounce the Christian religion. "No, no!" the son replied, unhesitatingly, to all promises and blandishments. There were no apostates among those truly Christian youths; the full company went to death.

22% are Catholic. On Madagascar is another episcopal son of the soil; he bears the long name of Bishop Ignatius Ramarosandrata. Thanks to the strength of Communism in the French homeland, Red violence has cursed sections of the island since the end of World War II.

In Kenya Colony, a modern factory makes shoes a few miles from where wild Masai tribesmen did battle a few decades ago. Cotton mills hum at Leopoldville, in the Congo, an enclave cut out of primeval jungle. Africa strides forward in seven-league boots. Can Christianity, with its message of love and noble living keep pace? We believe so. We dream of 100,000,000 Catholic Africans at the dawn of the year 2000!



## EDITORIAL:

# The Victory of the Tomb

■ A TOMB was the instrument of the Resurrection that guaranteed eternal life. Since then every tomb has been, not the mere resting place of death, but rather the birthplace of life. That was a cheerful change for humanity. Still, the tomb itself was of the essence of the whole plan and, although conquered, was not altogether banished. It had its uses. It was a burial place. As Saint Paul says, we have been buried with Christ as a preliminary to rising with Him and walking in newness of life.

Part of man — his worst self — was to be swallowed up in the kindly tomb. The world he lived in was to become a better place, for certainly the Divine Redeemer intended to bury the old life in that same tomb that burgeoned forth the new life. How were justice and peace to be established, unless injustice and inhumanity and selfish strife were to be abolished? How could the flowers of virtue grow and abound, unless the weeds of vice should wither? For love and truth to live, hate and falsehood would surely have to die. The Redeemer wished to bury all those old, unhappy, far-off things

that had so long prevented an unfortunate world from having life and having it more abundantly.

There is much positive good in the world, after its nineteen hundred years of divinely assisted development. There has been substantial, even amazing, progress in many worthy directions. The question is whether or not some of the world's less-worthy aspects have ever sufficiently died. A lot of cockle has grown with the wheat. Despite all the advances, the modern landscape is still cluttered up with a great, curious, stubborn admixture of harmful anachronisms that have no logical reason to be alive and that should have been buried long ago.

Cases in point are the following. Governments that never ask themselves what is right and wrong, but only ask what is opportunistic. Industries that think more of their stockholders than of the flesh and blood of their workers. People who go to church and look down on their neighbors. People who do not regard all men as their equals — although all Americans are exhorted to do so by the spirit of their



## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Africa is a huge continent with a kaleidoscopic variety of races, but all Africans have one poignant hope in common. They yearn to occupy their rightful position in the estimation of the other members of the human family. On the horizon is a world that will see the potentialities of the African people in full burgeon — a realization that will make them equal in the family of nations.

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institutions, and every Catholic is obliged to do so by his Faith. Simpletons who do not know and believe that all women are their equals — when not their superiors. People who do not look upon the poorest and plainest man, of whatever race or condition, as a friend, a brother, and a king. People who discriminate against anybody at all, for any reason at all.

The catalogue would be a long one, depending on the point of view — on whose ox is gored, whose work is retarded. The missionary, dedicated to human brotherhood as he is, finds that the prize villain on his list, the chief compromiser of his work, is discrimination in all its forms.

**The Spiritual Climate** of the world is marred by such defects, and that makes the Christian part of the globe much less appealing and impressive to the non-Christian part. It would be a great aid to mission enterprise, if that climate were a little less spotty and harsh — a little more sunny, kindly, and benign. Not every corner of the planet can hope to be another Florida or California; but the serene atmosphere of high ideals, generous resolves, broad-minded principles, need not be the monopoly of any geographical location.

Our Western world is a better place than it appears on the surface, but it is a very poor press agent for itself. It publishes its shortcomings abroad, hides its light under a bushel, puts its worst foot forward. As the Chinese proverb says, "Bad

APRIL, 1952

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

news travels a thousand miles, while good news hardly goes out the door."

The result is that no race or nation on earth desires to imitate the West, or hopes to learn from the West, or wants any part of the West, Christian or otherwise. This represents a serious handicap for the missionary. He would like to have a more favorable background for his operations. He would like to experience a better international climate. He would like to hear that both national prejudice and individual discrimination had been decently interred.

— Bishop James E. Walsh



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# Poison Works for the Surgeon

Can certain death be transformed into a pain killer?

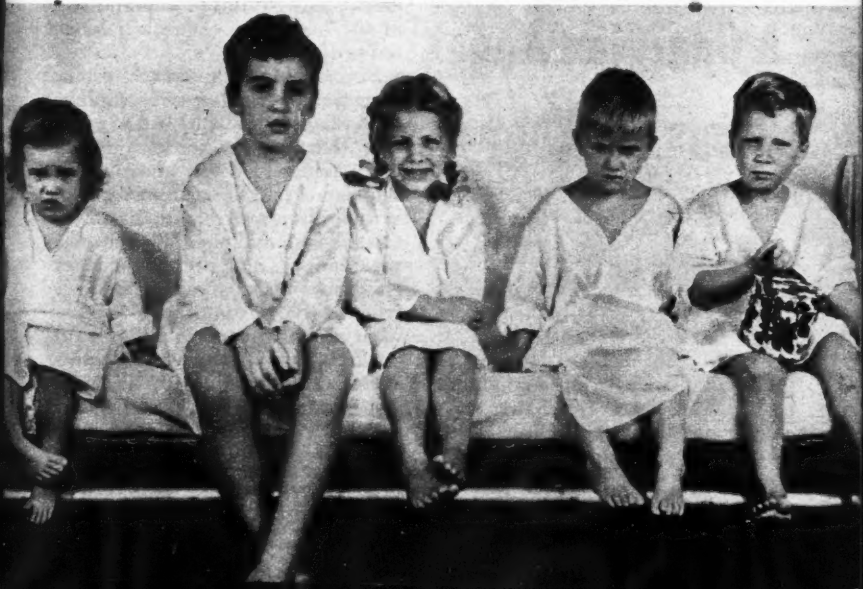
■ **EARLY EXPLORERS** of the Amazon Basin in South America (where Maryknollers now work) first discovered curare by being exposed to its effects on the tips of darts and arrows aimed at them by inhospitable Indians.

Centuries intervened before a white man succeeded in even watching a batch of curare being brewed, so closely did the Indians guard its ingredients. That crude form of curare killed by relaxing the victim's breathing muscles to the point

where they ceased acting. For many years, science sought a way to make curare work for man, instead of against him.

Today, thanks to a research chemist of the Squibb Drug Company, curare has become one of the most valuable tools of the surgeon. It is used to relax completely the muscles of a patient being operated upon. The drug is used also to ease the spasms of polio and lockjaw. Curare today is a far cry from the deadly black syrup of the Indians.

Scientists turned curare, with which the Indians (left) poison arrow tips, into a wonder drug that eases the terrible pain of polio victims (below).





## A Guardian Angel Rings the Phone

There's more than one way  
to cut in on a party line.

BY CLETUS J. SCHROERING

■ THE TELEPHONE rings many times each day, here at our Saint Mary of the Lake mission in Otsu, Japan. However, when the phone rang at

eleven o'clock one Saturday morning, I got the unmistakable impression that it had an unusual tone. I think that perhaps the guardian angel of a certain dying baby could explain why things happened just the way they did.

That Saturday forenoon, the Red Cross Hospital was on the phone. My catechist, who took the message, asked many questions before understanding all the details.

He told me that a Catholic woman had called on behalf of a non-Catholic mother who wanted to have her sick baby baptized. The baby was in no danger of death, and yet the catechist said that he had assured the woman on the phone that I would get over to the hospital as quickly as possible. Why the mother wanted me to respond so quickly, I did not know. However, I sensed that this was an emergency, so I got in the jeep and was at the bedside of the sick baby in ten minutes.

Several things caused me to take longer than usual before administering Baptism. First, I had to make sure that the mother of the sick baby understood the meaning of Baptism. I had to secure her promise to raise her child to live as a Catholic, should the infant survive the illness. There were other sick children in the room, and their relatives crowded around to hear what the foreigner was saying.

After I had received the assurance that the child would be raised as a Catholic if it should survive, the father of the child entered the sick room. I had to brief him on

MARYKNOLL

the nature of Baptism, and on his responsibilities as a parent of a baptized child. He was anxious to co-operate and begged me to baptize his baby.

I was ready to administer the sacrament — when suddenly I discovered why I had been urged to hurry in the first place. For just then, a six-month-old infant in the next bed lost consciousness. I saw that the second child was really in danger of death. The mother's call for help brought a nurse. The nurse's injection revived the baby, but it was apparent that the baby would die at any minute.

The mother of the younger infant had heard me explain Baptism to the other mother. She asked me to baptize her daughter, also. I gave the dying baby the name "Maria." She died a few minutes later.

I was no longer puzzled by the way I had been called to the hospital. I was glad, indeed, that I had not wasted precious moments in questioning my catechist as to why he had assured the mother that I would hurry, in spite of the fact that the doctor had said the baby was in no immediate danger of death. It was at last clear to me why the mission telephone had such an unusual ring that Saturday forenoon.

Before that day, I had read of similar experiences of other missionaries. Seemingly accidental circumstances had summoned them to the vicinity where some soul urgently needed the presence of a priest. But this was the first time it happened to me.

APRIL, 1952



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MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK**



# St. Joseph Gets a Laugh

BY EDWARD J. McGUINNESS

■ FATHER PAUL SOMMER left recently for his furlough. After he had gone, Magdalena, an old Indian, came to the rectory here in Jacaltenango, Guatemala. She wanted to know what I could do to lift the sadness that weighed on her heart over Father Paul's departure.

I got Magdalena's mind off her troubles by telling her how happy I am to be a missionary in Guatemala. It seemed strange to her that one coming from the States, where convenience and progress are the order of the day, could find happiness in a region of bamboo huts and muddy lanes, where a trip to a city of any size means many long hours in the saddle. But I told the old Indian woman that Our Lord has ways of rewarding those who work for Him.

As Magdalena rambled on about how grateful she and the other Indians are that a priest is among them, I could not help but think of the marvelous success that our missions in Guatemala are enjoying. We do not have to work as hard, to bring the people close to Christ, as do missionaries in some other parts of the world. This thought is a most consoling one, especially when we remember the suffering of the Church in other lands. The fact that the Church is flourishing here among the Indians, might well be

due to the suffering of the Body of Christ in the Communist-dominated countries.

After Magdalena left, my mind came back to the entertainment I had promised to the men of the Saint Joseph Society. I had been very busy all week and had not had time to plan for the event. I asked Saint Joseph to help me out, so that the entertainment would not be a flop. He answered my prayer with a few surprises.

The entertainment started with some races. Everyone was enjoying the excitement. Then I added to the fun of falling backwards into a big tank of water. The Indians tried in vain to restrain the laughs and giggles. But finally the whole crowd simultaneously burst forth into roars of laughter.

The next thing on the schedule was a race between six old men. Halfway down the field, one of them banged his head into a big clay pot that had been filled with peanuts and candies for another act. The pot broke, and everything fell to the ground — including the old man who had broken the jackpot with his head.

Everyone was much pleased with the entertainment. I think Saint Joseph chuckled over the way he had helped.



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Sister Marie William's visit is a happy occasion for these African women. Although their lives are drab, humor readily bubbles up to the surface.

## Maryknoll Sisters Afrield

■ IN THE SPRING, in Africa, a young man's fancy turns to fancy clothes. Easter outfits range from one simple skin to a whole goulash of furs, bark and bright feathers, topped off with a hat that is really out of this world. Easter finery, apparently, is strictly a masculine phobia in Africa.

But there is excitement enough for everybody during Holy Week. The ceremonies in the Kowak mission include the Procession of Palms, baptism of catechumens who have been studying four whole years, and First Communion for the little ones.

The great Paschal rites, as well, thrill the Christians to the bone, for the whole congregation sings the Masses, with all the vocal power possible. Holy Week is a wonderful week at Kowak!

"Baptism is quite a sight to see," writes Sister Joan Michel, who exchanged her home town of Wheeling, W. Va., for Kowak. "Fifty or so men and women line up outside the church. They are robed in white *sukas* or sheets; their heads are clean-shaven—in readiness to be made children of God.

"On Palm Sunday, our natives



Sister Margaret Rose uses pictures to tell these African youngsters the beautiful story of the Blessed Mother's loving concern for all her children.

bring their own palms, plucked from any wayside trees. Each holds the palm high and waves it furiously, as Father blesses it. Marching around the mission compound is a real triumphal parade. It takes us back in spirit to that joyous crowd in Jerusalem.

"First Communion! So much else is going on, there is little pomp and fuss over this great event. Each small Luo may wash her one and only dress, but it's likely to remain patched and threadbare. Fortunately, we have some nice, white veils, and we lend them out for the occasion.

"Usually there is no difficulty in regard to white dresses; nearly always the 'one and only' is white. But a bombshell burst in the ranks

last year. One of our tots was very proud that she was getting a brand-new dress for First Communion. She told us about it months ahead of time. Of course, we assumed it was white. But it wasn't! A bright-red dress shone forth in the line-up on the all-important morning. It was the only red garment in all of Kowak."

We have a "reversal" of customs, on our tiny Marshallese Island of Likiep, when Eastertide rolls around. Holy Rosary Church is not barren or in the mourning to which we are accustomed on Good Friday. The altar steps, sanctuary, and altar itself are banked with delicate flowers. A large crucifix dominates the scene. Six large candles

stand vigil around it. As each person venerates Christ on the cross, he or she lays a bouquet of flowers nearby.

We went over to the church at 3:30 p.m. Father Feeney (now Bishop Feeney) said, "The bamboo wireless sent out the word." By 3:45 every Catholic on the island had reached the church. It is not the custom here to walk around saying the Stations of the Cross: the people stay in their places, reading the prayers from the *Jar Im Al*, the Marshallese prayer book. So, you can imagine how astonished the congregation was to see the Sisters walking from Station to Station.

On Easter morning, at nine o'clock Mass, the girls of the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades sang beautifully. Father, their parents, and we, too, were very proud of them. Even with the small amount of training that we have given them, their naturally sweet voices blend beautifully.

After Mass, the pupils of the two youngest classes answered Sister's wave and scampered over to school. Sister Camilla announced an Easter-Egg Hunt. She explained

that there were hidden on the school grounds some extraordinary eggs of all colors; and some of them were very extraordinary, prize-winning eggs. To the finder of the most eggs, would be given a holy picture.

With a mighty shout, the children were off, and darting like sparks around the school.

The junior-high girls had colored and decorated eggs, which the children had brought to school earlier in the week. Sister Rose Patrick showed them how. The older boys had planted the colored eggs in various spots, for the "babies" to find without much difficulty.

The little ones laughed and squealed during their new adventure. They came back happily with their treasures. How they prized them! All the contestants were given bags of cookies made by the prize-winning students in our Home Economics Department.

It was the first time those children had ever had such a party. It was a wonderful treat for them. Our little guests finally wandered off, with delighted expressions on their wee faces.

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( I will send \$\_\_\_\_\_ every month to help support a Maryknoll Sister Missioner. I understand that I may stop this whenever I am unable to continue.

■ WE SOMETIMES hear people say that the mission work in China is ruined, that it has failed. I wish that those who think that could have had the opportunity, as I had, to assist at the beatification ceremony of Blessed Alberico Crescitelli, an Italian mission who was martyred in China in 1900.

Those of us who were present at the beatification had no difficulty in seeing a great similarity between the China of 1900 and the China of today. One has but to change a few words in the following short sketch of the life of Blessed Alberico Crescitelli, to make it fit events that are happening today in China.

"In 1900 the ruling dynasty in China was weakened by bad government, by secret societies, and by foreign oppression. China's rulers accepted the help of the Boxers, who posed as defenders of the nation. Once in power, however, the Boxers showed their true colors. One of the main points in their program called for the elimination of the Church in China. They demanded the deportation of all foreign missionaries. All Chinese Catholics were to be obliged to apostatize.

"In 1900 there was a terrible famine in China. Father Alberico Crescitelli's charitable work for the famine-stricken attracted widespread attention and caused an extraordinary convert movement. This was intolerable to the Boxers; the decision was made to put an end to his life. One hot July day, the priest was thrown into prison. He was tortured throughout that night.

## YESTERDAY SPEAKS TO TODAY

BY FREDERICK G. HEINZMANN

On the following day, he was dragged to the river bank and there beheaded. The savage executioners tore his body to pieces and threw it into the river."

Nobody thinks that martyrdom ruined Father Crescitelli's mission work. Nobody thinks that he failed, or that the many priests and Sisters who were killed during the Boxer persecution failed. Their "failure" was only the failure of Christ on the cross. They lifted the cross higher, so that more could look to it for salvation. And during the next fifty years, many thousands of Chinese found that salvation because of those martyrdoms.

There was no failure in 1900, because Calvary was no failure. For the same reason, there is no failure in the Church in China today. Many mission buildings are deserted; many foreign missionaries are being deported; unbelievable pressure is being brought to bear on all Chinese Catholics, to make them forget about Christ. But the cross will triumph.



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# LAKE TITICACA

**Once the apex of South American civilization flowed about its shores; now the people live in an ebb tide.**

■ ON AN ISLAND in Lake Titicaca, according to Inca legend, Viracocha, "The Maker of All Things," created the sun, moon, and stars. Then he ordered them to ascend into the heavens.

So goes one of the many ancient myths concerning the world's highest-navigable lake. In addition to the native balsa and reed boats,

large steamers ply the lake. These ships were built in Great Britain, sailed to Peru, dismantled and toted across the Andes, and reassembled at Puno.

About the shores of Titicaca, live millions of descendants of the ancient Incas. Maryknollers have been working in the region since 1942.

**Life may be drab in the Andean uplands, but clothing doesn't lack color.**









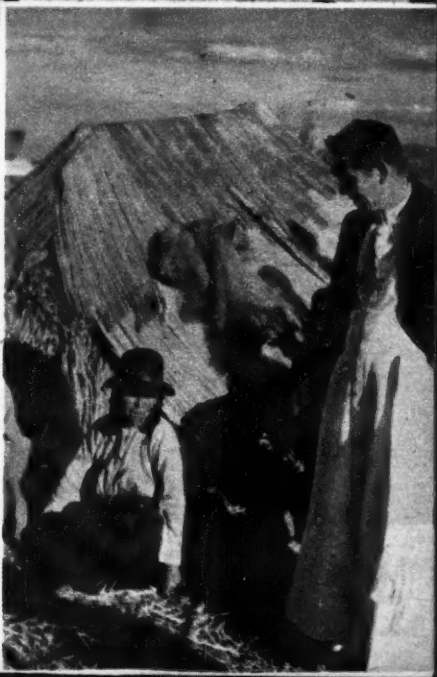
**The reed boat (opposite) is home-made. Potatoes and straw (above) are among the few possible crops.**

Puno is the largest port on Lake Titicaca. It is the center for the Maryknoll Fathers, who staff a college, a seminary, and some parishes. Because of the altitude, the priests' work is physically difficult.

The people — mostly Indians — are very poor, and few have any education. The diocese of Puno has few priests, and Maryknollers hope to build a strong native clergy through their seminary. Decaying churches tell that Puno was once a great Catholic center.

**Bishop Dettman, of Puno (right), chats with a lakeside resident.**

APRIL, 1952





**The llama looks down his nose at the world. One of the few animals able to flourish so high, this beast of burden has an innate disdain for men.**



**The life of these lake people is difficult and monotonous. They welcome the annual fiestas as a momentary chance to forget their daily struggle.**



**Mama Ocabaca, with her lonely tooth, wouldn't win any beauty contests, but the cold, high altiplano around Titicaca is not the place for soft skin.**



At the north end of the hundred-mile-long lake, two mountain women brave cold water to launder, lending contrast to an otherwise bleak landscape.







# NO CHAPEL

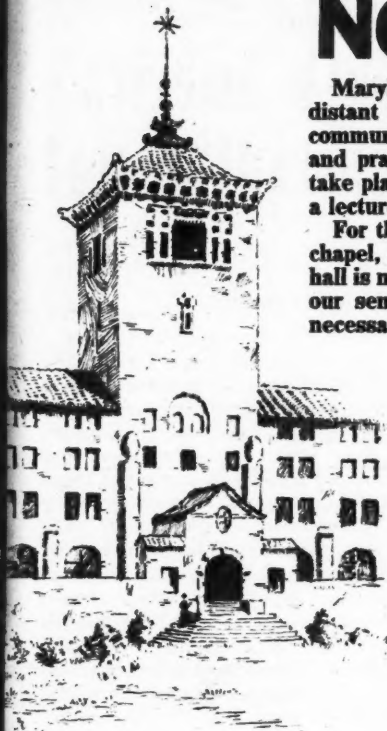
Maryknoll Seminary, which sends priests to distant lands to start churches and Christian communities, has no chapel of its own. Masses and prayers, ordinations and all ceremonies, take place in a room intended originally to be a lecture hall.

For thirty years, we have been hoping for a chapel, and asking funds for one. The lecture hall is no longer adequate, since the number of our seminarians increased. A larger room is necessary, but we have none larger.

You have been generous in supporting our work. You send us "stringless" gifts. They are most important to us. But when we get a little money ahead, an urgent call comes for an emergency or an opportunity in China, or Korea, or Japan, or Africa, or South America.

If you will send us a check to buy a chapel door, or a window, or pews — or a board, a brick, a stone, a nail — something for the chapel — it will be used for those purposes. That is, if *you* direct us to use your gift for our permanent chapel, *we will follow your instructions.*

But — it looks as if that is the only way we shall ever get the chapel.



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The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

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# South America's First Transcontinental

BY JOHN J. O'BRIEN

## A sidewalk superintendent's dream

■ THERE ARE lots of sidewalk superintendents these days, in Cotoca, Bolivia. I'm no exception. I've been keeping careful check on the construction of Cotoca's newest building.

Every pound of sand, gravel, and cement used on the project had to be hauled by oxcart from Santa Cruz, twenty-five miles away. Cotoca's newest building, however, is a forecast of a day, not far off, when Cotoca will not need to depend on such primitive and expensive means of transportation. For Cotoca's newest building is a railroad depot.

Every once in a while, just to reassure myself, I examine what is underneath the narrow band of underbrush that runs in either direction from the new building. Underneath this band of underbrush, there is the right of way that has already been constructed. Tropical growth is all too quick to alter the work of man!

The railroad track that leads up to, and away from, Cotoca's new station is part of the first transcontinental railroad in South America.

Some of the difficulties that have been faced and overcome help to explain why the project has taken about twelve years to complete. Pushing a railroad across the heart of South America created many problems.

The matter of logistics for the construction staggers the imagination. About forty railroad cars were needed to haul the materials necessary to lay one mile of track. Mile by mile, the problem of transporting supplies increased. As the line advanced into the backwoods of western Brazil, there was the dense jungle to contend with.

And then the railroad builders encountered a whopping barrier to progress in the form of the towering Andes Mountains. They reach a width of some 400 miles, straddling the Brazilian-Bolivian Border. But even the Andes could not stop the team of engineers who had been commissioned to lay the track of South America's first transcontinental.

What this railroad will mean to Cotoca, and to other towns of

Bolivia, can be realized from a glance at the geography of the country. Lack of transportation in this land-locked, mountainous region has been one of the main factors blocking Bolivia's progress and development. Bolivia's population is concentrated, for the most part, in widely separated and isolated cities, towns, and villages. Communication between these population centers is possible only by oxcart or by airplane. Illustrative of this situation is the ultramodern airport in Santa Cruz. It is for all practical purposes, the city's only contact with other cities of Bolivia and with the outside world in general.

Once the railroad and its branch lines shall have been completed, Bolivia will have the transportation necessary to make it a prosperous country. Then the rich Cochabamba valley, which has a tremendous agricultural potential, can be opened up and developed. It can serve as the food basket of the nation. Then Bolivia will no longer have to import most of its foodstuffs, as it does now. Bolivia's economy will no longer be a lopsided affair, depending solely on export of tin,

rubber, and the jungle Brazil nuts.

Maryknollers who have been in Cotoca since 1942, are sure that the eventual result of the railroad's coming to Cotoca will be an increased standard of living for the people among whom they work. They hope that it will mean that their people will enjoy soon a measure of prosperity that is consonant with human dignity. There's a world of difference between working among souls united to bodies that seldom get enough to eat, and working among souls united to bodies that always get enough to eat.

Maryknollers nurse the hope that the poverty-stricken Indians in the Bolivia of today will enjoy a measure of prosperity in the rich Bolivia of tomorrow. The Quechua Indians eke out a drab living from sustenance farming. Their standard of living is pitifully low. They lack the bare essentials of housing, clothing, and education. It is to be hoped that, after Bolivia becomes prosperous, the desperate needs of its Indian population will receive the attention they warrant.

South America's first transcontinental railroad will renew the face of Bolivia!

### SMART CHICKENS IN COCHABAMBA

Father Francis X. Lyons had built a new chicken house, with regulation roosts and nest boxes. When Esteban saw it, he protested that the chickens would never stay in such a place. "Everybody knows that chickens sleep only in trees," said Esteban. Next day, however, Esteban called excitedly for Father Lyons to come to the chicken house. There he pointed to the chickens, perched on their new nests. "Padre," remarked Esteban, "we certainly have smart chickens. Just think, they learned how to do that in one night."





# Furious Formosa



BY JOSEPH G. COSGROVE

■ BRIGHT AND EARLY this morning, I was jolted out of a sound sleep. I thought nothing of it; the cause was just one of the numerous earthquakes that happen every year on Formosa. As I dressed, a neighbor's turkey perched on the windowsill clucking out a morning reverie. Chiang, just a couple of doors away, was killing a couple of pigs. Spike Jones, in all his pleasant madness, never imagined the aggregate effect.

After Mass, Chan, the semiblimed marvel of the mission, interrupted my dash for coffee. He read me a long paper, stating cogent reasons why I should sit down at once and send a letter off to the Pope.

As the bracing coffee slipped slowly down my throat, an ever-alert eye noted that the cook was having trouble opening a canned product. It was to be used in conjunction with other materials unknown, to make a pie. The label on the can read: Oil — POISON!

I was away when Liang died. The catechist suggested a trip to a nearby mountain, to bless the grave. I

was picking my way gingerly over some boulders, washed down by torrential typhoon rains, when—Zing! Chinese soldiers were conducting target practice in the area. I ducked just in time.

That afternoon I went for a spin on my motorcycle. Formosan geese are everywhere, and they travel in squadrons. Formosan geese don't run from a motorcycle; they attack it. To avoid hitting a goose calls for coolness and maneuverability. I am a combat ace, with over five to my credit.

As the day wore on, my nerves wore out. A youngster fell into the mission well and nearly drowned. The cook excitedly informed me that the puppy I had been carefully raising for the past five weeks, had been stolen. Towards the end of the afternoon, a government official, who had surveyed the mission property, told me of an error he had discovered. My recently built wall extends seven feet onto a neighbor's property.

But all is not grief. The postman called and brought a Sears Roebuck Catalogue — the first reading material I have received in five weeks.

The postman also returned postage from a letter on which I had put too many stamps. Ah, how the world is picking up. I'd like to raise a statue in that postman's honor. But just as my thoughts gathered glittering momentum, someone hollered, "The cook's house is on fire."

Oh well, just another day on Formosa. Nothing happened. At least nothing to write home about. And so to bed!



## Lost in Hawaii's Catacombs

**Was King Kamehameha's  
ghost on the prow  
in this awesomely eerie cave?**

**BY FIDELIS C. GOODMAN**

■ RECENTLY a Japanese friend and I spent over three hours examining one of the numerous big caves that honeycomb the mountains near Holualoa, in the Hawaiian Islands. One entrance to a huge cave lies six miles up the mountainside, another opens under the ocean's surface. In

between was a third opening, through which we entered.

We had heard that some of the caves had been used as burial places in the old days. This proved to be true of the one we entered. It was a real Hawaiian catacomb: every ledge bore its burden; every natural crevice in the wall had been used as a place of interment.

In the old days, when one of the ruling class died, it was the practice to leave the corpse in the family temple, the remains were covered with leaves and dirt until the flesh disappeared. The bones were then wrapped in tapa (a paper-like cloth made of pounded mulberry bark

and decorated with brightly colored designs). In May of 1819, a native king, Kamehameha the Great, died in Kailua and was buried in this fashion.

As we explored farther we came upon wider passages, whose floors were covered with row upon row of skeletons, lying side by side. They were stark reminders of the decimating deadliness of the plagues brought to these islands by foreigners. One could look at those bones and almost sense the fear that gripped the people as they hastily laid their dear ones to rest.

In one passage my companion let the thought of Kamehameha's ghost get the better of him. He gave in to an overpowering desire to see daylight. I wished he had told me, for I would have followed him. I had lost all sense of direction and didn't have the vaguest idea of how to find my way out.

Near the top of the ten-foot-high cavern, I noticed an opening about two feet in diameter. Thinking my friend had gone through that, I called to him. The echo's reply chilled my spine. Alone, I climbed into the opening, and found that it widened to six feet. It dropped to one foot in height; then rounded out and expanded. On all sides, I could see passages that looked inviting. One passage led to another.

This was what I had come to see, I kept telling myself. I would just see what was beyond that next turn. In each passage there were family cemeteries. As I explored, I made careful mental notes of each turn, regretting that I had tossed aside

the ball of cord that I had brought along to guide me back out.

At last I came to a wall of lava rock that was still intact. Other explorers in these sections of the cave had found treasures of Hawaiian antiquity hidden behind just such walls: poi bowls and pounders, spears, fish hooks of human bone, calabashes, and even canoes. But something prevented me from removing even one stone. Maybe it was the unreasoned fear that I might uncover a corpse of someone I knew — freshly murdered and stashed away from the police. Or was I afraid of discovering the ghost of King Kamehameha?

I started back. It seemed to me I was going down, down, down. A dozen times I thought I had taken a wrong turn. But each time, I came upon an opening or a rock that I had burned into my memory as a landmark.

At last I descended a steep, unfamiliar grade. I had come to a dead end: there was no opening. I wondered where I had made the wrong turn. I had visions of searching parties being called out to comb the cave. How long would it take them to find me? Indeed, who would try? These caves are taboo to most Hawaiians. I said to myself, "The worst thing I could do would be to get excited and start running. I must save my energy and make a plan."

I have heard that when one gets in a pickle like this, his whole life flashes before his mind's eye in an instant. All the good he has done; all the good he has left undone; all



APRIL, 1952

the people he has helped; all the people his bad example has hindered. All of those memories race before his mind, like a movie that has got out of control. None of this happened to me when I realized that I was hopelessly lost.

For some strange reason, as I tried to create a plan, my mind wandered back to the two weeks I had spent last summer on the island of Molokai. The bishop had asked me to fill in there while Father Pat Logan took a vacation.

I could recall vividly the wonderful time I had had with the young lepers, as we indulged in the sport of spearing fish in the brilliantly colored surf that washes Molokai's shores. I remembered my first clumsy attempts, and then the facility that came with practice. I could see in my mind's eye the games of pool and the games of miniature golf that I had enjoyed with the leper boys.

Then a drop of lime from an overhanging stalactite landed on my head and disturbed my musings. It caused me to glance up. I pointed my flashlight in that direction and the beam caught a stalactite and a stalagmite that encircled an opening six feet wide and one foot in height. That was it. That was the very opening through which my companion and I had crawled when we entered the cave.

---

ANSWER TO RIDDLE. *First trip: goat. Second trip: cabbage; brings goat back. Third trip: hyena. Fourth trip: goat.*



### Under the Shoe Polish

■ ONE OF THE BOOTBLACKS came bursting into my office the other day and breathlessly asked, "Hey, isn't your name Leo XIII?"

I told him it is not. "Then why," he asked, "is this place named Leo XIII?"

I tried to explain, but I saw that he was not listening.

The bootblacks are among the toughest, wildest, and poorest kids in Santiago, Chile. But the other day they made me feel happy. They informed me that each boy wanted to contribute two pesos monthly out of their earnings, so that they could pay for one poor child's vacation at our summer camp.

It just goes to show that, underneath the layers of black and brown shoe polish, they have golden qualities. And if we show a little more patience, we'll make something of them yet. I think they are much better than the millionaire who told me that he could afford only one peso, instead of the two that I asked for on behalf of the camp.



# The Maryknoll Roundup

**Criminal.** Father Edwin J. McCabe, Maryknoll Missioner from Providence, R.I., told this story: "I was walking down the street of a Chinese village with another priest. He told a joke and I laughed outloud. A Chinese Communist had me arrested. I was taken down to the station house where I was severely scolded for daring to laugh when there was so much serious business to be done." Father McCabe was deported from China by the Reds, for the crime of being a Catholic missioner.



FR. McCABE

**You're the Cream.** Some good benefactor sent a set of dishes to the Cozumel mission. Father Walter W. Winrich, Maryknoll Missioner from Raymond, Wash., told us that the gift got a mixed reception. "The pastor and I," wrote Father, "acted like a couple of kids with a new set of toys. But our native cook examined each dish carefully and came to the conclusion that there



FR. WINRICH

were enough dishes to serve 25 people in our service-for-six. When we told her a certain pitcher is used for cream she asked why we need cream. We explained that it makes coffee taste better. She remarked, 'Don't worry about buying cream to make coffee. I can make it for you easily, out of water.'"

**Something New.** "The priests who are studying Japanese here in Tokyo, were out in the driveway, shoveling a path for the delivery boys to get through," writes Brother Theophane Walsh, formerly of Roxbury, Mass. "It occurred to one shoveler that a snowman would be just the thing, so the figure was erected in no time at all. The priests were quite proud of their snowman, thinking it to be an innovation in these parts. But that idea melted when they walked down the street and found a snowman on practically every doorstep. Children are children, the world over."



BRO. THEOPHANE

**Jeepers.** "I don't know whether the natives or the cattle are the more frightened by my jeep," writes

MARYKNOLL

Father Joseph A. Reinhart, Maryknoll Missioner from Stratford, Canada. "Some natives stop dead in their tracks. Men on bicycles see the jeep coming, and duck into a ditch as though an air raid were taking place. Women here are burdened with heavy rings around their arms and ankles, and huge bundles on their heads. As soon as I honk the horn, the women's arms shoot up to steady bundles, and their legs move with triphammer speed."



FR. REINHART

**There Goes the Queen.** Next year's annual festival at St. Ambrose School (directed by the Maryknoll Fathers in Puno, Peru) probably will be conducted without a queen. The girl who received the most votes for the honor this year is a school-teacher. She sent word that she would be unable to attend because the Minister of Education was scheduled to visit her school that day. The girl who had the next highest

number of votes was all set to reign. At the last moment, however, the original queen-elect arrived. The harassed director created the office of princess for the second girl—and he decided that future festivals would be conducted without royalty.

**Figures Don't Lie.** "Let me tell you about a gentleman I met on my first visit to Candelaria, Bolivia," writes Father Donald W. Aubry, Maryknoll Missioner from Toledo, Ohio. "I became acquainted with Senor Suarez on a clearing in the jungle near Candelaria. In the course of our chat, I asked him to tell me his age. Grandpa Suarez replied that he is one hundred and six years old. I thought he was kidding and told him so. But he assured me that he could show his birth certificate to prove the point. I asked him how old he would judge me to be. His reply: 'Let me see, young man; you ought to be about eighty-five or ninety.'"



FR. AUBRY

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**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.**

4-2

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest ( )

Brother ( )

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ School \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

# MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

**The First** canonized American, Saint Rose of Lima, waited four centuries for a parish to be named in her honor in her home city. Maryknoll has been assigned to build up that parish containing 10,000 Indians, Negroes, Japanese, and Peruvians. We have started a parochial school. Will you give \$5 or \$10 or \$100?

**Red Prisoners** of war captured in Korea by U.S. troops have turned their minds to Christianity. Maryknoll priests working among them request funds for catechisms, rosaries, and other religious articles. Will you invest \$10 to make a Red a Christian?

**China's Hope** is China's own priests and seminarians. Maryknoll must support the Chinese priests of its four large areas, and train more Chinese for the priesthood. Will you take care of one for one month? Only \$15.

**Books and Blankets** are required by Indian boys being trained by Maryknoll priests for the priesthood in Puno, Peru. 25 Daily Missals, \$11; 30 blankets, \$13. Sounds like bargain basement prices to us. Wish we had the money.

**The Indians Built** a rectory in Santa Eulalia, Guatemala, and now ask for a priest. They will get one — but he must supply the furniture. And that is a laugh these days, because he could buy all the furniture necessary, for only \$152. Ripley would not believe that one. Can the priest have the \$152?

**Free Wheeling** is possible in Chile if you have the wheel; unfortunately, that is not free. Two Maryknollers in Buseta need \$50 each to buy bicycles that will help them to reach their 25,000 parishioners — among the poorest of God's poor. May they have the money?

## MISSIONERS' REQUESTS

**Mission schools**, spiritual works of mercy require material aids. Will you provide one or more of these items?

**Africa:** 1000 textbooks at \$1 each; 50 benches at \$5 each.

**Bolivia:** Catechism charts at \$5 each; 1000 pencils at 5c each; teacher's salary, \$12 a month.

**Chile:** 100 desks at \$5 each; meals for poor tots, 6 for 30c.

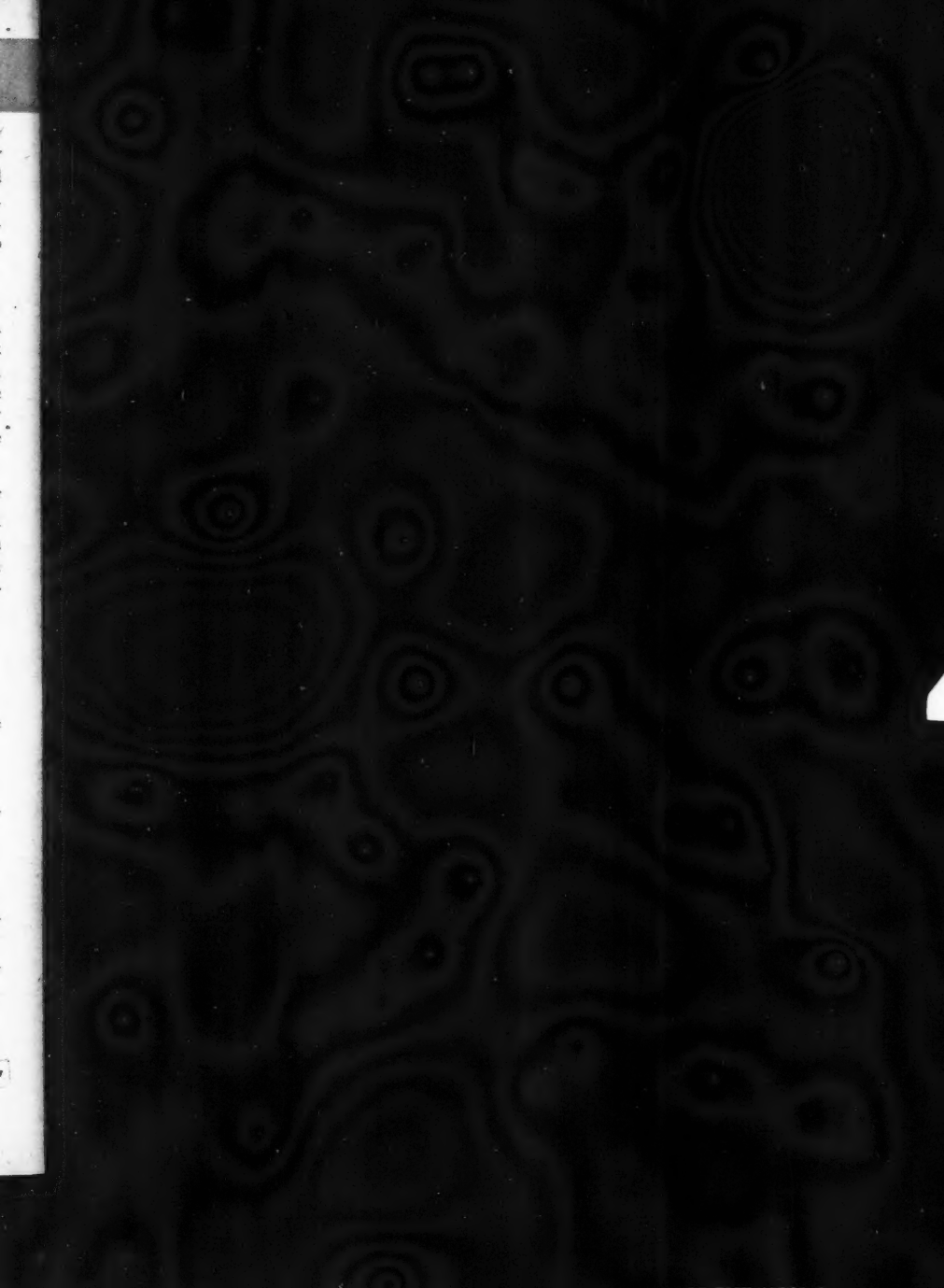
**Guatemala:** 500 catechisms, \$5.

**Peru:** Lima, desks \$5 each; blackboards, \$20 each; doors, \$10 each; window panes, 35c each.

Puno, 500 library books, \$2 each; physics and chemistry laboratory equipment, \$250.

Perhaps you or your friends would be interested in donating some of these items for the missions.









## **MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN KOREA NEED**

***each month:***

- |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| \$5 for support of a cripple        | \$15 for support of a catechist         |
| \$5 for support of a blind child    | \$15 for support of a native Sister     |
| \$5 for support of an orphan        | \$15 for support of a native seminarian |
| \$5 for support of a refugee        | \$45 for support of a missionary        |
| \$5 for support of an old person    | \$50 for medicine for a dispensary      |
| \$15 for support of a native priest | \$50 for the mission rice lines         |

### ***each year:***

- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| \$25 for education of a poor child         | \$30 for Mass wine       |
| \$25 for Mass hosts                        | \$50 for altar candles   |
| \$100 for distributing Catholic literature | \$300 for youth guidance |

Send for the free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK**







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# People are Interesting!

Diego Rivera and  
the College Students



1. Diego Rivera, clever but Godless artist, painted a huge mural in a new hotel in Mexico City.



2. When the mural was finished people found inscribed on it the words: "God does not exist."



3. College students were incensed at this insult to God, marched on the hotel and the painting.



4. They cheered as a student erased the blasphemy and wrote instead, "Yes! God exists!"



5. Rivera repainted the picture with the original slogan. Twice more the students painted it out.



6. The hotel received so many complaints that it covered the mural. The students had won!

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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